

# The Gateway



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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1929

SIX PAGES

## Wednesday Will Be Momentous Day in History of Union

Nominations for 1929-30 Students' Council Due on that Day—New Type of Council to be Elected—Many Candidates Expected in Field

The following article, as well as giving the dates of nominations and election days, also deals with important details which have resulted from changes in the constitution. The requirements for the reorganized type of council are set forth as are several other important details. All members of the Students' Union will do well to read this article, as its bearing on the forthcoming elections is of the greatest importance.

Wednesday, March 13, will be a more or less momentous day in the history of the Students' Union for, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., the secretary will receive nominations for positions on the Students' Council for 1929-30. He will be in the Union office at the south-east corner of the Arts Building during the hours mentioned, and all nominations must be handed to him. Nomination papers must be signed by the nominator and seconder and eight other members of the Union. Also, although the constitution does not mention it, it is customary to have the nomination paper accepted by the candidate before giving it to the secretary. Election Day will be the Wednesday, March 20.

### Positions to Be Filled

Under the new scheme adopted by the Union last fall, which will be in full force during next session, the Council will be composed of the following, in addition to the Honourary President:

President,  
Vice-President,  
Secretary,  
Treasurer,

President of Men's Athletics,  
Secretary of Men's Athletics,  
President of Literary Association,  
Secretary of Literary Association,  
President of Women's Athletics,  
Secretary of Women's Athletics,  
President of Waunetais Society,  
President of Arts Club,  
President of Agriculture Club,  
President of Law Club,  
President of Medical Club,  
President of Engineering Club.

The secretary will receive nominations for the first eleven of these offices on the above-mentioned day; and the nominators are referred to the following parts of the constitution: Students' Union Act, Sec. IV.; Women's Athletic Association Act, Sec. III.; Waunetais Society Act, Sec. II.; and the Point System Act. All students taking undergraduate courses and such graduate students as have paid Union fees are members of the Students' Union and are privileged to be candidates for office or to nominate others.

### Faculty Club Presidents

As for the five faculty club presidents who will be on the Council, the nominations and elections of these officials is solely in the hands of the respective faculty clubs. However, arrangements are being made whereby most of the faculty club elections will take place at the same time as the regular Union elections. As the constitution now stands, students in Pharmacy, Dentistry, Commerce, House Ec. and Nursing will not have a vote in the selection of faculty club representatives, since the only faculties given recognition as such on the personnel of the Council are those faculties officially recognized by the University Calendar. However, it is expected that the new Council will make some provision for the future, in order that the students in the afore-mentioned sub-faculties and schools may have a say in the choice of the presidents of the corresponding major faculty clubs.

### No Court Election

No election will be held this spring for Students' Court officials. The Union abolished the Court last fall, and the plan for the new disciplinary body is not yet complete—the new Council doubtless will have some announcement to make regarding this matter either late this spring or next fall.

Many names are being mentioned with regard to Council positions, and it is expected that an unusually large number of candidates will be in the field for seats on the 1929-30 Council. Gateway readers will no doubt remember that the constitution was altered this spring, giving to the Council the full legislative powers of the Students' Union, with a veto power remaining in the Union. This means that Council positions will carry an ever greater responsibility in future years; and this fact will probably contribute to an extraordinarily keen election campaign.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

### DO YOU CONSIDER THAT THE USE OF THE TALKIES ADDS TO THE ATTRACTION OF THE MOVIES?

J. H. Mooney, Sci. '32: Yes; they would bring about the extinction of the pest who will persist in reading the subtitles out aloud.

J. M. Kinnear, Com. '30: Doubtful; it all depends who you are with.

M. U. Doane, T.A. '29: It would save the people behind you reading out the subtitles.

E. K. Wright, Med. '31: Not if they are like the one who sat near me when I saw my last movie.

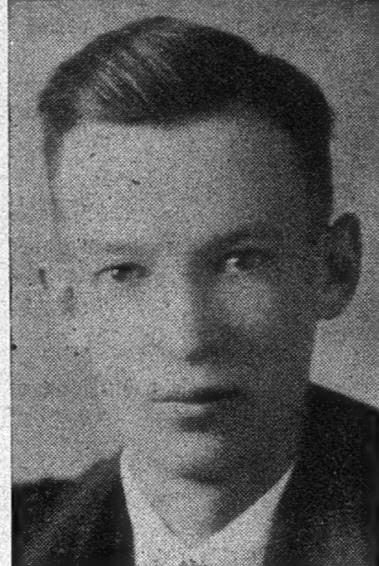
D. G. Revell, Med. '31: Certainly it does. How soon will they add the "smellies" and "tasties"—not to mention the "feelies."

Keith Shearer, App. Sci. '32: While one's favorite Venus or Apollo of the screen may appear to possess the magic quality (IT) in great abundance, in silent pictures,—there may be danger of sad disillusionment when the strong manly lover speaks with a childish lisp, and the timid gentle maiden, in an unguarded moment, gives recourse to a hard-boiled chorus-girl cackle.

## RETIRING OFFICIALS



HERB HUTTON  
Retiring Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, of the Students' Union for 1928-29.



TED MANNING

## Stage Set for Sparkling Comedy Today and Tomorrow

"Aren't We All?" What? Aren't We All Going to the Dramat Spring Play? Of Course We Are!—Let's Get Seats at the Door

Sparkling dialogue, laugh-provoking situations, clever characterizations and beautiful scenic affects will feature the production of "Aren't We All?" which will be presented tonight and tomorrow as the annual Spring Play of the Dramatic Society. The curtain rises in Convocation Hall at 8 o'clock each evening. Under the talented direction of Mrs. N. W. Haynes, every subtlety in the play has been discovered and made the most of, and every member of the cast having previously donned the soot or buskin on many occasions, an unusually brilliant performance can be expected.

Like all true artists, they are almost indecently modest, but as one noted local critic remarks: "It's an all-star cast; the first one in years."

### In the Spot-light

Particular interest will centre on Al Borrowman, who was acclaimed at the year plays by both judges and audience as Varsity's best actor. But unless one has read his program, he would never imagine the same man could so admirably fill both roles. Gone is the haunting picture of the condemned murderer—in its place is a gay old lad who attacks life's little problems with an easy smile and a world of common sense, and who takes advantage of early-closing days to enjoy himself within the protecting shadow of the lion in the British Museum. He knows perfectly well that American tourists will be the only persons to interrupt him there since nothing less than an air raid could drive members of his own class into the Museum.

In pursuit of the old gentleman comes an adversary quite as dangerous. This is Lady Mary Frinton, who has set her determined heart to dragging Grenham to the altar. She is finally successful, as a result of the novel turn of the plot, but not until she has gracefully fluttered through three acts of delightful comedy. Miss Helen Carnes makes a charming Lady Frinton.

### Things Happen

Grenham is naturally considerably worried about his son, the Honourable Willie Tatham. Willie is so frightfully young, he takes life's little vicissitudes so seriously, and he is so terribly in love with his wife Margot. But worse than that, Willie gets himself ensnared by a beautiful actress (Miss Gwen Mullett), and manages in his blundering way to get caught by his wife. As a result of this Mar-got (Miss Margaret Roseborough)

### Evangelical Union Founds Branch at Saskatchewan

SASKATOON, Mar. 6, 1929.—Standing for a definite witness for Christ among students and the deepening of the spiritual life by mutual help, the Varsity Evangelical Union of Saskatchewan has been formed on the campus here as a result of the visit of Dr. Howard Guinness, representative of The Intervarsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions of Great Britain.

Doctrinally the Union upholds (a) the inspiration of Holy Scripture, (b) the unity of the Trinity in the Godhead, (c) the universal sinfulness and guilt of human nature, (d) redemption from the guilt, penalty and power of sin only through the sacrificial death (as our substitute and representative) of Jesus Christ, (e) the resurrection from the dead, (f) the work of the Holy Spirit, (g) the personal second advent of our Lord Jesus Christ.

## Many Matters of Importance Discussed at Council Meeting

Subject of Forthcoming Elections Receive Much Attention—Max Wershof is Director of Handbook—Financial Problems Aired

Several projected alterations of importance were discussed at the meeting of the Students' Council held on Monday.

In other years it had been left to the various faculty clubs whose leaders have a voice in the Council to choose the date for their elections of these officers in the spring. It was suggested, on grounds of efficiency and for the larger vote that it would result in, that all such clubs should accept the date set for the Council members' election for their elections. There would be more interest among the student body, ballots could, it was stated, be printed specially by order of the Union, and at very slight expenditure of money.

The representatives of the clubs who were present at the meeting stated that they were in favor of the plan and would lay it before their organizations as soon as possible. Discussion took place on the status of certain of the Faculty clubs, notably the Dents and the Commerce, whose presidents were not members of the Council. It was suggested that such students be permitted to aid in the election of the officers of some similar club and thus obtain the representation denied them otherwise.

Due to circumstance, the Med Club was unable to comply with the suggested alteration this year. They had already postponed their election of officers for a week, and felt that it would be unwise to do so again.

The representatives of the other

### DUGGAN CUP GAMES COMMENCE TONIGHT

Varsity Will Meet Elks—Superiors Play Junior Elites—Double Header

Tonight at the Covered Rink the Varsity hockey team will swing into action again, and this time the Duggan Cup lies in the offing. Coach Broadfoot's aggregation are pitted against the Elks, and on the same bill the management have arranged a contest between the Superiors and the Junior Elites. Since the Duggan Cup series work on a knock-out basis, tonight will be the end of the hockey season for two of the teams concerned. You can depend upon it that the Green and Gold lads will be out to prove themselves worthy to continue. They have worried the Elks many a time during the season, and will certainly give the so-called "antlered herd" plenty to think about when they meet this evening. With weather conditions improved, two rip-snorting games are assured those who journey to the rink. See you there!

### Students' Court Deals with Removal Dance Decorations

SASKATOON, March 6, 1929.—That the tearing down or removing of decorations from University dances is an offence that is frowned upon by the Students' Court was the substance of the judgment handed down by that body after trying the case of the College of Agriculture vs. Corrigal et al., last Thursday. The case was one in which the plaintiff college was seeking damages from the defendants, four Freshmen, for the wrongful destruction of certain property of the plaintiff's, to wit, the streamers with which the plaintiffs had decorated Convocation Hall for their annual formal function on February 8th. Fred Alexander, president of the Students' Representative Council, presided.

In point of law the plaintiffs lost their case as failing to prove the destruction of the decorations, but the court being of the opinion that the defendants were guilty of a student misdemeanor, fined them a nominal sum as a warning to future offenders. Future punishments would be more drastic, said Mr. Alexander, in delivering the opinion of the court.

He discovered many things. In the first place, it appears that this year the oft-repeated prediction is to be fulfilled. The book is already in type; it is only a question of waiting until sufficient pressure can be brought to bear upon the printers to have the work finished. As the calendar is a rather bulky volume, this may take some little time; but it is confidently expected that it will be ready by the end of March at the latest. "And all that," says Mr. Ottewell, "is official." Such an arrangement should prove beneficial to the students, the University and the postman.

### SUNDAY AFTERNOON RECITAL

The following program will be given in Convocation Hall on Sunday afternoon at 4:30:

1—(a) Rochester Bells, (b) Orchard Blossoms (Wood).

2—Largo Appassionato (Beethoven).

3—(a) Pastoral (Bonnet), (b) In Summer (Stebbins).

4—Vision (Rheinberger).

5—Chorale in A Minor (Franck).

## To-Night!

## Aren't We All?

## Convocation Hall

Time — 8.00p.m.

Regular Prices

Rush and Reserved Seats on Sale at Door



## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

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## OUR VISITORS

The University of Alberta may well be ashamed of the reception given to the group of visiting players from Saskatoon last week-end. It can be said no less bluntly than that. Not only was there no carefully planned schedule of arrangements by which to ensure that every hour of the visitors' time should be pleasurable, but the program itself was deficient. We could have done no less than give our guests a banquet. True, they were invited to the Midwinter, but the enjoyment they may have derived was purely fortuitous in view of the fact that the Midwinter would have taken place in any case.

Our neglect is thrown all the more into relief when we compare it with the treatment received by our own representatives at Saskatoon. Our athletes and debaters always return with enthusiastic stories about the way they were treated, from the minute of their arrival until their departure. It is significant, too, that at the University of Saskatchewan positions on the Social Directorate are electorally contested, and we are told that these are the most closely contested positions in the Union.

We do not blame our Social Directorate for last week-end's neglect; it did all in its power with the funds at its disposal. We suggest simply that more importance be given to the reception of our visitors.

## "BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

A Finnish editor of an Eastern Canadian journal is fined one thousand dollars for being unsympathetic in regard to the King's illness.

The State of Arkansas prohibits the teaching of evolution in any form whatever in its schools; and a preacher there says he would prefer his children to die of neglect than have them disbelieve any part of the Bible.

The Evangelical Union at the University of Saskatchewan upholds "the inspiration of Holy Scripture, the Trinity in the Godhead, the universal sinfulness and guilt of human nature, redemption from the guilt, penalty and power of sin only through the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the personal second advent of our Lord."

A Frenchman is sentenced to one year in prison for saying, "To hell with France."

An old woman in Hungary is burned at the stake as a witch.

Aimee Semple McPherson preaches the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth.

The United States of America fosters a treaty pledging the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy," and follows it up by a declaration that she must have a navy larger than that of any other country in the world.

England's Home Secretary states that Englishmen must reconcile themselves to abnegation of the freedom of their fathers.

The editor of a Canadian university newspaper is dismissed for suggesting that his superiors are not infallible.

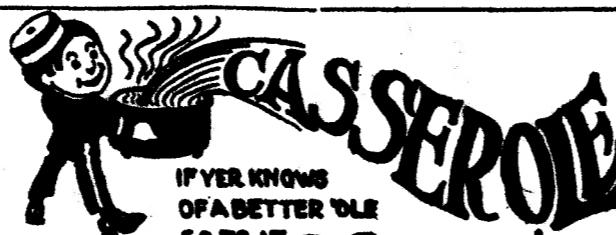
Alberta university students become unreasoning, frantic madmen when defects in their particular religious creed are pointed out.

This is the year 1929.

## JUVENILE PRECOCITY

It would appear from the result of the last meeting of the Parliamentary Debating Club that the members of the University, or at least a fairly representative group of these members, do not deplore the prevalence of juvenile precocity in these halls of learning. In other words, it seems that whatever evils are admitted to infest our institution, we do not throw the blame for them on immature genius. Or, it may be argued, those upholding juvenile precocity were more worthy wielders of verbal missiles than their opponents; but if such be the case, it is being evident that those most apt to defend juvenile precocity must be the most juvenilly precocious, or the most precociously juvenile, then the most juvenilly precocious—or precociously juvenile—must be better debaters than their more senile opponents. It further follows that, ability to debate being a fairly reliable measure of intelligence, the juvenilly precocious were more intelligent than those opposed to them. In fine, then, we either do not deplore the presence of juvenile precocity, or, if we do, those exhibiting it are able to show us that on the grounds of intelligence they have as much right here as we.

Which conclusion, if we take it seriously, must make us stop for a moment to think. For, that despite the high college spirit we have attained this year, there are evils, evident and persistent, no constant reader of these pages can deny. If they can not be charged, as by many they have been, to the too early age of our first-year students, where can the blame be laid? Whom in future may we make the scape-goat for lost games, low marks, lack of interest in union affairs, lack of spirit in Literary Association activities, excess of enthusiasm in reprehensible diversions, and similar stock grievances? It is difficult to say. It may be that we shall find a new and truer cause of all our troubles. Or it may be that, baffled in such a search, we shall come to the conclusion that all these little errors in our ways are only natural manifestations of a healthy, growing body. However that may be, let us realize that the precocious juveniles among us have as much of that quality which alone gives us reason to be here, not blame on them our sorrows, our tribulations, and our woes.



IF EVER KNOWS  
OF A BETTER 'OLE  
GO TO IT ~

Ah! Here's my picture, ladies and gents. As handsome a face as you ever saw.

\* \* \*

That mouth, for instance: "If yer knows of a better 'ole—"

\* \* \*

I can't help it if this week's Cass is weak. Eric Stuart and Ian Macdonald are in The Gateway office.

\* \* \*

They are reading The Saturday Evening Post—which explains the "post-Saturday-evening" look on their faces.

\* \* \*

Here's a wise one. Read on.

\* \* \*

She was a terribly spoilt girl, used to having her slightest wish gratified. Her father could refuse her nothing, and when she declared she was engaged, poppa just said:

"Fine. Who is he?"

And she answered coyly, "Well, he's a big league pitcher. I call him 'Whippet'—he has finger-tip control."

\* \* \*

That should get me by. I Waneita make any bright cracks for a week, now.

\* \* \*

Romeo's personal mail included a bit of sparkling wit last week:

Dear Cass,—Have you heard about the guy who was so crooked he didn't have to wear garters? He screwed his sox on.

\* \* \*

ANNE ONIMUS.

\* \* \*

Thanks, Anne.

\* \* \*

"What nex'?"

"Lotta girls do."

\* \* \*

Apropos of last week's swimming meet—did you hear of the dumb one that thought Kelly pool was a place to swim?

\* \* \*

"Jack! Oh, Jack! Save me—"

"Coming, dear!"

"—that fashion page!"

\* \* \*

Gummed up the work that time, as Wrigley said when visiting the stenographers' training school.

\* \* \*

This is our "crazy" issue, and I want to make you acquainted with "Romeo's Lament."

\* \* \*

Writing up Cass is no picnic.

If I write jokes, co-eds say I'm silly.

If I don't, they say I'm too serious.

If I write all my own stuff, they say I lack variety.

If I "steal" from other papers, I'm "too lazy to write."

If I stick home nights, I should be out getting material.

If I go out nights, I'm letting things go hang at home.

If I don't print contributions, I'm not showing proper appreciation.

If I do print them, Cass is filled with junk.

Like as not, someone will say I swiped this from a magazine.

I did.

\* \* \*

"What makes you think there's a Santa Claus?"

"Because I saw him."

"Aw, that was Trader Horn."

\* \* \*

"Suddenly a man rushed out at me and said 'Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!'"

"And did he?"

\* \* \*

That was mean, and so is the next.

\* \* \*

Said the minister to the widow: "You must not grieve. The body that lies here is not your husband. It is but a husk, an empty shell—the nut has gone to heaven."

\* \* \*

"Oh, professor, you can't flunk me—I'm insane."

\* \* \*

One day, quite suddenly as is the way of those things, he fell from an airplane.

\* \* \*

Another blot on the landscape.

\* \* \*

Alabama social note:

"Miss Beulah Brown, a beautiful girl of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, aged 32." (Selma News, Ala.)

\* \* \*

Caught you that time, Beulah.

\* \* \*

"Stop! Don't kiss her! She might be Lon Chaney!"

\* \* \*

Try that next time you catch your rival trying to out-Romeo you.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Willy, what is Lincoln's immortal slogan?"

Willy: "America's finest automobile."

\* \* \*

Enquiring reporter to self-made man: "Are you glad you went to college?"

S.M.M.: "I certainly am, because if I hadn't I might have gone through life believing I had missed something."

\* \* \*

The mean thing.

\* \* \*

Frosh: "What is a grind?"

Soph: "A grind, my son, is a student who refuses to go on a party the night before a final exam."

\* \* \*

But honest, even if it does contain the portraits of the Fresh, "Evergreen and Gold" is a nifty book.

\* \* \*

"Where does ink come from, paw?"

"From incubators, son. Go do your homework."



## WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

Edmonton, March 4th.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I read in today's issue of the Edmonton Bulletin that at the regular meeting of the Edmonton Local Council of Women, the following resolution will be submitted by the committee on moral standards:

"That whereas it is considered by a very great number of people to be detrimental to health, and to the highest ideals of womanhood, we, the members of the Ladies' Aid of the First United Church (Ottawa) regret that such widely read magazines as the Delineator and the Picture Review should each month carry full-page advertisements containing testimonies by women as to the pleasure and comfort they receive from smoking a certain brand of cigarettes, and would, therefore, ask the Ottawa Local Council, with the concurrence of the affiliated societies, to take the matter up either directly with the publishers of these magazines, or, if necessary or advisable, through the Provincial Council, making said publishers aware of the large body of public opinion in this community or in this province, as the case may be, opposed to the placing of these suggestive advertisements in the hands of the young womanhood of our country, and requesting them to co-operate with us in endeavoring to attain the highest possible ideals of character by discontinuing same."

Submitted by the Woman's Aid of the Royal Alexandra Hospital:

"Whereas we think there is too much unnecessary publicity concerning some of the girls in the 'Vice Ring,' be it resolved that we send a communication to the newspapers asking them to bear in mind that their columns should make proper reading for children of 'teen-age, and should not contain matter that is shocking even to their parents."

Sir, can any words describe fittingly such sentiments? Will our women's organizations ever, ever learn that it is exposure to sunlight that kills malignant germs? That it is this very repression of open discussion of evils which they advocate that is the cause of many of our evils? And that exposure of vice by our newspapers will do far more to ward off its evils from the youths of 'teen-age than all the dark mys-

teries."

These figures do not include the cost of incidentals, pencils, erasers and other classroom supplies used in examinations. If these costs plus cleaning of typewriters were added in it would cost the University about \$9,000.—McGill Daily.

Percy Williams, of Vancouver, famous double victor in the Olympic games, and Jimmy Ball, of Winnipeg, Olympic quarter-miler, have been training in Hart House during their visit to Toronto.

Williams and Ball are getting into shape for the track meet in Boston and New York, when the two Canadian flyers will display their wares in competition with the best runners of the United States.—Varsity.

Varsity Students Murder M.P. Thirty University of Manitoba students, enraged at the new stucco bungalow which had been donated to them for their engineering students, yesterday murdered a helpless member of parliament. The deceased was killed by an overdose of Listerine, administered in his porridge. Twenty-nine arrests have been made; the other student, Donald Mackee, unfortunately insisted on finishing the porridge, and succumbed.

Resignation of Young Professor Follows Broken Heart

Professor Puran Simple, assistant professor in Physics I, yesterday resigned his position in McGill. On being interviewed by the Press, Mr. Simple sobbed, "The blondes all loved me, and I'm not a gentleman." We deeply sympathize with Mr. Simple, and quite understand his position, but we might suggest that perhaps the brunettes are not fussy either.

Commission and BONUS on Production also PAID

WRITE for particulars and interview NOW

ter and whispered scandal by the grown-ups in the corner?

Mr. Editor, you have set some of us thinking in affairs touching religion. I feel that you might set others thinking if you wrote a few editorials attacking the whole modus operandi of these women's organizations.

Yours earnestly,

READER.

## UNION AFFAIRS

Edmonton,

March 2nd.

Editor, The Gateway.

**THE PORT OF MISSING MEN**

The days of chivalry are not yet dead. Just this week we have had a striking denial of that libellous accusation which claims that our young men are losing their knightly instincts. On Monday two fair young co-eds, while walking across the campus, were attacked by a howling mob of barbarians armed with snowballs. The air of dignified indifference maintained by the young ladies had no effect on the uncivilized minds of the youthful savages, for they prepared to renew their murderous onslaughts.

But just in time the voices of the two unknown heroes rang across the campus in indignant protest, while the young assailants fled before their swift pursuit. The Pembinites valiantly made their way home, overflowing with unexpressed gratitude toward their handsome savages. Their inability to voice this appreciation is weighing heavily upon the minds of the fair ones, and a generous reward is offered to anyone who will disclose the identity of the two cavaliers.

**OUTSIDE MY HOME**

Outside my home the roses bloom With heliotrope and marigold; Here grows sweet-scented mignonette, And poppies nod with lovely phlox.

I know the rainbow's rival's there, In this paradise of flowers. There's incense in the odorous air After summer showers.

Bright honey bees and butterflies And gorgeous humming birds, Fly here and sup sweet nectar from The honeysuckle's bower.

My garden is a lovely place, And inside is my home. 'Tis here I read and write and play— Why should I long to roam? —P.

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**"THE LOG OF A RADIOMAN"****Some Mexican Adventures**

(The following is an extract from a letter dated December 14th, 1924, at Lobos Island, Mexico, and addressed to the writer's parents at Edmonton.)

We are tied up alongside of the S.S. Princeton here, from which we are taking aboard the rest of our cargo for Baltimore. From Baltimore we are returning to Tampico, Mexico, and then back to New York, next trip.

Yesterday proved quite exciting. We were docked at La Barra, Mexico, and, as usual, the crew was off on a spree ashore. The natives here are rather villainous looking; many of them carry guns (some two!) or knives, yet their dress is rather picturesque, and somewhat different from that common in Peru and Chile where the Indians dress and look like pirates, but act like gentlemen! But it was not the Mexicans who ruffled the Sunday morning calm on this occasion; it was our own crew—darn 'em.

Up until midnight things were reasonably quiet. Of course many of the crew got drunk, and there was the average amount of fighting with the usual assortment of black eyes, bruised noses, thick ears and headaches to be doctored up.

**First Aid for the Injured**

I had just gotten into my bunk when I heard a door crash open and the chief engineer came running down the companionway, taking three or four steps at a stride. I poked my nose out of my cabin and casually remarked, "Say Chief, why all the rush?" He shouted back, "Where d'ja keep the medicine and bandages?"

The Bosun's stabbed, and dying; he's bleeding to death."

I came to life in a hurry then, and took a flying leap out of my cabin after the chief engineer. We tried to get into the room where the steward keeps the medical supplies, but it was locked, and the steward was ashore with the key; so I said, "We've gotta get in through the port, Chief." "Righto," he replied, and away we went out to the deck. The Chief climbed through the port and put his foot on something that felt solid, but the "something solid" suddenly collapsed, letting the Chief down rather unceremoniously on his back. After voicing his opinion of ships in general and stewards in particular, he started handing out bandages and other medical supplies to me, and I promptly passed them on to an oiler, who ran aft to where the bosun was lying. We could not find any iodine, however, so we rushed up

to the captain's quarters to get some from his medicine chest. The captain was asleep, and went "up in the air" because we woke him up. He refused to open the medicine chest, would not give us the key, and stated in expressive nautical terminology that he didn't give a blank blank blanketly blank blank if the whole crew were dying. Such being the state of affairs, the chief promptly put his foot through the glass door of the medicine chest, while, for good measure, I added a few healthy kicks. At this stage I remembered that I had a bottle of lysol in my cabin, so we dashed after it and then ran aft to doctor up the bosun. We found that he had a nasty knife wound right under his lung, on the right side, and just about where his kidney, or liver, or whatever it is that grows there, should be. He was supersaturated with native liquor, and occasionally stopped groaning long enough to belch out that he was dying, but was going to kill off the population of La Barra before he departed this life.

We bound him up and placed him in the ship's hospital, where he soon quieted down and went to sleep. In the morning we had him removed to a hospital in Tampico.

**Man Overboard**

No sooner had we bandaged up the bosun than I noticed one of our sailors staggering along the dock, and falling over everything, including his own feet.

"Well, chief," I said, "we'd better watch that fellow; he is all set for a drop over the edge of the dock."

He managed to navigate safely as far as the gang-plank, which, by the way, was only an ordinary ladder stretched out horizontally from the dock to the deck of the ship. He even got half-way along the gang-plank, but there he stopped, wavered for an instant, and then fell forty feet into the water. I saw him lose his balance, and before he hit the water I was half-way up the deck after a rope, followed by the chief engineer, who grabbed a lifebuoy and threw it to the sailor. We soon hauled him up to the deck, and then sent him to the fo'c'sle to cool down.

It was now nearly four a.m., and we had decided to go to bed when a stranger hailed us from the dock, and said that one of our crew had fallen off the dock where his ship was tied up, and had been drowned. The description which the stranger gave suited one of the members of our crew, so the steward, who had returned and was standing by us, said, "Sparks, let's go up and investigate." "Might as well make it a night now," I replied, thinking longingly of my lost sleep; so arming ourselves with a flashlight, we went along the docks until we came to the place where the man had been drowned. He turned out to be a member of our crew, so we arranged to have him removed in the morning, and then returned to our ship.

**Alarms and Excursions**

I was just climbing wearily into my bunk when I heard a great deal of shouting coming from the deck. Expecting anything from an earthquake to a local revolution, I rushed out on deck again. What I saw made me wonder if the loss of sleep and excitement of the night had loosened something in my skull, for standing on the deck were three of the weirdest creatures that it had ever been my lot to behold. To add further to my consternation, the things spoke: "Whassamatter, Sparks?" the unearthly bodies chimed in unison, "Whatcha staring at?"

"Er ah, bloo goo!" I stammered. "What are you?"

"Ha, ha," the apparitions chorused, "Look at Sparks?" Say, Sparks, doncha know your own shipmates when you see them?"

Summing up courage, and gripping my pocket knife desperately, I moved closer to the things. Then I discovered that they were none other than the pumpman, a quartermaster, and the third mate. "For goodness sake," I murmured weakly, "whatcha do; fall in the oil?" They were covered with oil from head to foot; thick, slimy stuff of the consistency of pitch, and with a very disagreeable odour.

It appears that one of the fuel tanks overflowed, and the oil under high pressure spouted up in the air like a geyser, and almost drowned my three unfortunate shipmates, who, incidentally, spent the remainder of the night and most of today trying to clean themselves.

When I finally crawled into bed and turned out the light it was 5 a.m.

—PERCY A. FIELD.

**Twilight in Riverside Park, Edmonton**

I strolled through the park in the twilight, at the close of a summer's day. The wind made sweet music in the trees, The birds stirred and twitted among the leaves, And fluffy white clouds, spread out in the breeze, Went floating slowly by.

A hush came over the landscape, As darkness mantled the earth. The lights of the City nodded and blinked; The stars overhead twinkled and winked; While down in the valley far below The river caught my eye.

The water shimmered and sparkled; The bridge stood silent and grey. A lad and a lass, two vague drifting forms, Crept by in the dusk, and then they were gone. Yet I knew, as they passed, that Love's wonderful darts Had flown straight and true, uniting two hearts.

—P.

**Keys**

By R.

(N.B.—The execution of this little scene may be witnessed by any close observer on a cold, windy night, after the doors of Pembina have been locked.)

The howling wind beat the stinging snow fiercely into the faces of two hurrying figures crossing the campus; the cold was gradually freezing the blood in their veins. It was forty below zero. The time was in the neighborhood of 12:45 a.m. She, a coy young damsel from the hall of perversity known as Pembina, and he, ah, what a superior example of the strong, silent men who attend this University.

Suddenly through the storm there sounded a mighty shriek of distress, as the maiden fair recollects that by now Pem's door was barred and bolted. Oh, what should she do? Her companion stared at her aghast as he thought of this miserable ending to a perfect night. Just at that moment, the harsh wind seized his hat and playfully carried it far down into experimental fields to the south. Abruptly he left his terrified comrade to get there, and soon found the entrance. But the door was closed, and the Devil, exactly as he had always heard him described, was standing there.

I bowed to him politely, and he said with a sarcastic smile: "What do you want?"

"To get in Hell," was my answer.

Then the Devil had a wild laugh, and immediately I lost sight of him; everything became a blur.

After a few seconds a form appeared at my side, and I recognized an old friend who had died a few years before.

"You!" I exclaimed.

"Yes! I noticed you dying, and I came to meet you and show you into this world."

"Thank you very much. Where is Hell, then?"

"Hell? What's that? What do you mean?"

"Hell! Well, Hell! Where is Hell?"

"Oh! I see; I remember now. They

official doorkeeper began to soften.

Ideas began to undergo a change.

What was the use of it all, anyway?

It seemed absurd now that Pembina

should be locked like a prison each night; the girls still came in as late as ever. Would it not be better to remove the keys and once again

take of a good night's sleep. But no, that would be giving in, and so the keys must remain.

**An Adventure In The Other World**

Mr. Editor:

You are inviting feature articles for your "Religion" column, and I would like to be able to write one. But as I lack imagination I will just relate an actual fact.

I am a mediumistic writer, and last year, about one hour after the death of a dear cousin of mine, I was urged to take a pencil and my fingers wrote the following lines:

My dear John, I want to tell you what has just happened to me. As soon as I had left my body I took automatically what I thought was the road to Hell. While on Earth I had always been told that I would go straight to Hell because I did not belong to any religious congregation.

So, without thinking, I tried to get there, and soon found the entrance. But the door was closed, and the Devil, exactly as I had always heard him described, was standing there.

I bowed to him politely, and he said with a sarcastic smile:

"What do you want?"

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Then the Devil had a wild laugh, and immediately I lost sight of him; everything became a blur.

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# SPORTS



## LADIES' HOCKEY GOES TO SASK. 1-0

Wet Struggle on Saturday Resembled Swimming Meet—Combination Was Impossible

The University of Saskatchewan Ladies' Hockey team managed to eke out a 1-0 victory over the Alberta girls in a wet game at the Covered Rink on Saturday afternoon. Weather conditions were rather more favorable to a new version of Friday's swimming meet, but hockey was decided upon; and in spite of the extra weight of the hockey apparel, no one was drowned. On several occasions the contest threatened to come to an abrupt conclusion when some well-meaning player splashed Referee Bob Prittie. That worthy, however, by the exercise of great will-power, controlled his feelings—and did not even splash back! Certain spectators were also victimized—but everyone showed a most Christian spirit, and the game went on.

### Why Not Use Ivory?

From the first, both sides found much difficulty in piloting the puck through the miniature lakes encountered at intervals along the surface. A cake of ivory soap would have been much better as a vehicle—for, as the saying goes, "it floats." Time and again rushes were foiled, passes intercepted, play slowed up—all because the rubber met the pool of water and sank.

By the very nature of things fast hockey and snappy combination were out of the question. Both teams had to resort to long shots on individual efforts—and it was on one of these that the only marker of the hour was made.

### No Score First

The opening period was uneventful. Dorothy McKenzie, the powerful Green and White centre, managed to raise one shot to the Varsity cage, but Betty Wallace saved without much trouble. The Varsity forwards fought down the ice well, but failed to work together, and gave the Saskatchewan goalie little enough to do.

### McKenzie Scores

Both teams had found it futile to attempt an organized three-man attack, and the game began to resolve

itself into a long shooting contest. At this kind of game Varsity soon found themselves at a loss. No Alberta player had anything like the shooting ability of Dorothy McKenzie. And it took only three minutes of the middle stanza to demonstrate that such ability was valuable. Unchecked for a moment, Miss McKenzie let fly from centre ice for the Varsity goal. The puck rose in an arc, flew through the air, bounced in tricky fashion, and was in the net before Betty Wallace could completely intercept it.

### No Luck For Varsity

Varsity fought back valiantly for the remainder of the game. Ursula McLatchie, Cal Ross and Dot Sproule worked particularly hard, and on more than one occasion penetrated through water, defence and all to the other end, only to have Gladys Munroe clear.

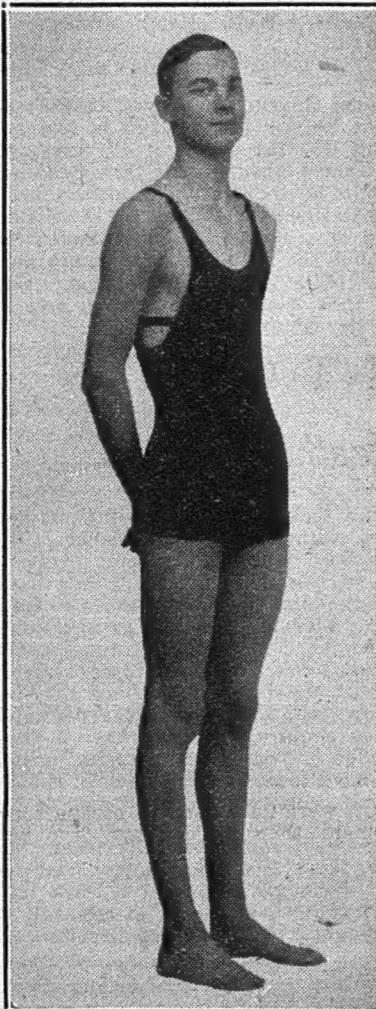
### Lineups were:

Saskatchewan: Goal, G. Munroe; defence, D. Brown, J. McMillan; forwards, D. McKenzie, L. Crawford, M. Sutherland, E. Beck, E. Foley, J. Stoddart.

Alberta: Goal, B. Wallace; defence, C. Ross, U. McLatchie; forwards, H. Higgs, D. Sproule, K. Burgess, K. Craig, K. Campbell, L. Gourlay.

Referee: Bob Prittie.

### SWIMMING CAPTAIN



F. J. ("TED") BAKER

Who led his team-mates to a close finish against the highly-touted Saskatchewan swimmers on Friday afternoon.

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## Alberta Won and Lost at Intervarsity Swimming Meet

Kae McConkey Led the U. of A. Ladies to a 43-17 Victory—Green and Gold Mermen Lost Close Struggle 40-27  
—Records Broken

One of the best intervarsity swimming meets in years was staged in the Y.W.C.A. pool last Friday afternoon between Saskatchewan and Alberta Varsity. The meet was run off in two sections, one for the men and one for the women. Though the Green and Gold boys went down to defeat by a score of 40 points to 27, the girls demonstrated their superiority handily by sweeping their Green and White opponents off the map to a total of 43 to 17. The total score would give Alberta a lead of 13 points had the meets been combined. As it was, the girls more than made up for Varsity's defeat in the men's section.

### Kae McConkey Stars for Varsity

The Green and Gold girls' win was due, in large measure, to the stellar work of Kae McConkey, Varsity's swimming flash. She was responsible for 20 of her team's total of 43 points, and she placed first in every event in which she figured, taking the 40 and 100 yard free style, the 40 yard back-stroke and the long plunge. As if this were not enough, she nonchalantly shattered the ladies' long plunge record of 51 ft. 6 in. for the Dominion by a margin of over 6 ft. In practice the 60-foot pool has proved itself consistently too short for the enterprising Kae.

Marjorie Allin was another shining light for Alberta. She took second place in three events, the 40 yard back-stroke, the 100 yard free style and the plunge. Margaret Craig and Audrey McCowan piled up additional points for Varsity in the diving. With the exception of the relay, the Saskatchewan girls' only first place was in the 40 yard breast-stroke, which was won by Miss Wilson. Audrey McCowan was second in this event, slapping the boards a fifth of a second later than her opponent. The Green and White won the relay, which was one of the most exciting races of the meet, by a similarly narrow margin.

### Men's Race Close

Although the Green and Gold were underdogs in the men's meet, they were by no means the victims of a walk-over, as the 40-27 score shows, for besides two firsts in seven events, Varsity took three seconds. Ken Argue won the men's plunge easily, with both goalies kept busy.

### SPORTING SLANTS

Saskatchewan took the honors in last week-end's intervarsity athletic series. The Green and White representatives ran away with the honors in men's swimming, men's basketball and ladies' hockey. Alberta won only the ladies' swimming. But how!

The U. of S. certainly has a classy swimming team. The way Hackney took both the 100 and 200 yard events from our Ted Baker was a wonder to behold. McBurney and Millar made some of our natatorial artists look apathetic, too.

But Saskatchewan's lead was not as great as last year's, at that. Last year we were defeated by 24 points, this year by only 13. Next year, with a little more enthusiasm and practice, we will have lots of chance to win.

The local girls won their part of the meet by a total of 44 to 17. Kae McConkey took first in every one of the ladies' events except one. Some record, we opine. It will be interesting to know, too, that she broke the Dominion record for the plunge in last Friday's meet. More interesting still, three participants in that event broke the Dominion record!

The ladies put up a highly interesting, not to say amusing, exhibition of hockey. Although Saskatchewan won 1-0, we can honestly say that Alberta had the better team. The visitors, however, had one player (Dorothy McKenzie) who could lift the puck from centre ice, and on one of these efforts the rubber eluded Betty Wallace, Green and Gold custodian. On fast ice, our co-eds would have played their opponents off their feet.

The game could well be described in these words: Varsity's goal-tender was called on to save three times, Saskatchewan's four times!

It was disappointing, too, to see the boys lose the basketball game to the Green and White athletes. The locals outplayed the visitors as far as fast and accurate combination is concerned—with occasional exceptions, but the Saskatoon boys had a nasty habit of getting as far, and farther, in a fast rush than our players did with all their combination. The "stalling" game paid Manitoba, but it didn't pay Alberta. Better luck next year.

Of course, the boys were playing without the mighty Shandro. Bill certainly is an asset to a basketball team. Bob Brynildsen could only play half the game because of an injured knee; and that cucumber-cool defense man, Carcalleen, was unfortunately disqualified. Bad breaks for Alberta. Better luck next year.

More congratulations are due to the girls' basketball team, which defeated Calgary over the week-end.

## CHAMPION AGAIN



MISS KATHLEEN McCONKEY

Who was again Individual Champion of the Ladies' Intervarsity Swimming meet, and materially responsible for Alberta's win.

## BOXING, WRESTLING MEET POSTPONED

Two Weeks More Opportunity Given to Participants to Get in Shape

At a recent meeting of the Boxing and Wrestling Club it was decided to postpone the tournament, which was scheduled for March 9th, to some future date, probably two weeks later. It was felt that the primary objective of the club was to teach wrestling and boxing to its members rather than to provide a tournament to decide the championships. A good many of the boys are just rounding into shape, and are beginning to look good. If the meet were put on now the training would stop and the meet itself would not be of the same calibre that a little more time will provide. An announcement will appear in next week's Gateway as to the final date on which the meeting will be held.

### Intervarsity Meet?

The University of Saskatchewan has been approached, and they state that they have a flourishing Boxing Club but no Wrestling Club. It should not tax the imagination of those who know to prophesy that there will be an intervarsity tournament next year.

definitely defeat their old rivals, the Calgary C.C.I. Grads.

### A Win in Calgary

The game in Calgary took place on Saturday night, and ended 28-17 for Varsity. From the first the Green and Gold team worked together with brilliant combination, and by half-time had run out ahead 16 to 5. The Calgary aggregation began to find the basket a little more in the second half, and play evened up. Each team scored the same number of points in this half, to make the final count 28 to 17.

According to reports, the southern burg was very much impressed by the ability of the University outfit. The Calgary C.C.I. Grads have been known as one of the strongest ladies' teams in Alberta. By defeating them, the Varsity girls have filled the people of the south with admiration for them. Great stuff, girls!

Gladys Fry and Doris Calhoun were the high scorers of the game. The rival teams lined up:

University: D. Calhoun (9), V. Palmer, J. Kopta (2), G. Fry (11), V. McMahon (1), M. Kenney (4), E. Barnett (1), B. Link, W. Brandow.

Calgary: M. Piette (5), M. Thom (2), P. Emandon (2), M. Cooper (2), E. Emandon (4), H. Mahaffy (2), N. Bell, R. Thomson, B. Hayes.

Referee: Dr. Baden Powell.

## BASKETBALL GIRLS DEFEATED CALGARY

Obtained Compensation For Loss of Coast Trip by Defeating Old Rivals

Just when the Varsity basketball girls were planning to leave on their scheduled invasion of Pacific Coast countries, word came that U.B.C. could not undertake to guarantee the necessary funds to defray expenses. Consequently, the ladies have lost a much-needed intervarsity trip—naturally great disappointment.

There are two compensations, however. In the first place, the Race Cup by this decision of B.C. remains in Alberta's possession for the year. And again, Varsity were able to travel as far as Calgary and there

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Popular President of Men's Athletics,  
who now retires.

## Modern Text Books

(Herein is depicted a worth-while step taken in the United States towards abolishing the jingoistic textbook evil.)

A decade of changing world thought has compelled a searching examination into school curriculums—and therefore into the textbooks to which the world's youth has been forced to devote years of application. The kind of texts that had been pored over for generation after generation were found to have little in common with the best thinking, to say nothing of the many new major interests, of the present time. As a consequence, Dr. Harold Rugg and a number of associates in the Lincoln Experimental School connected with Columbia University have been at work for seven years on textbooks that stress the constructive nature of mankind as more important than the destructive. While some books are yet to be completed, already more than 600,000 volumes of the first books are in use in 300 school systems in thirty-eight states of the American Union. The authors, in their desire to fashion the best possible curriculum, have concerned themselves more with the child's growth in understanding and tolerance than in the "teaching of subjects."

Instead of "taking" history, geography, civics and economics as in the old way, the student, with these new books under his arm, is encouraged to think his way into the structure of modern life; he can learn to interpret what he finds; he has little time to dwell upon wars and the struggle for earthly power; the problems of government, industry, business and international affairs can grip his attention and his imagination; he can become a thinker for human progress.

Little wonder that educators find this set of books one of the most sweeping of educational experiments. They constitute a radical readjustment of values as to what should be taught in the schools and how to teach it. While tales of battle, personal conflict, bitter competition, political wrangle, hate and greed, lifeless facts, and mechanical outlines have been conscientiously taught for centuries as fundamental to the proper nurture of youth, and youth has trustingly swallowed them, the pupil now is to have a chance to see himself as a factor in the building of a better world.

Boys and girls have always asked, "Why?" Dr. Rugg's new books

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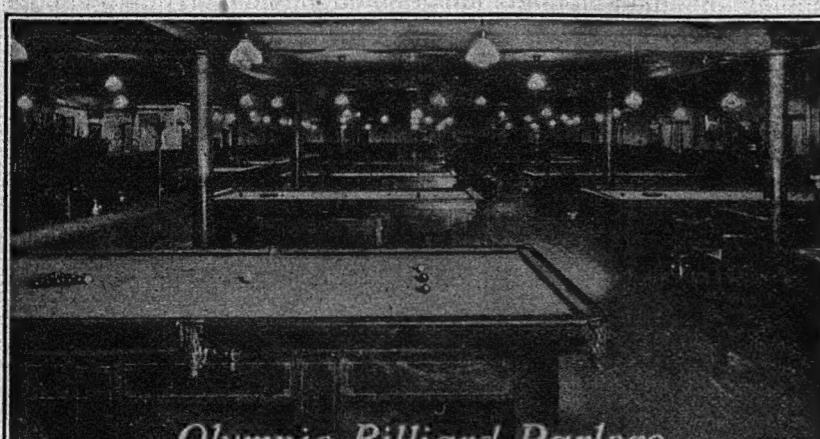
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## CORRIDORS

"My corridor seems to be all out," said Peg when she came down to my room the other night, "and I just couldn't bear to stay alone in it. It looks and feels so lonesome."

This started me thinking about what are known in residence vernacular as "corridors," and I realized that what she said is all too true. Who likes to come home to find the lights out, everything silent as the grave, and no one to whom you can pour out your woes and triumphs—for somehow such things always seem more interesting if told at once. True, you can seek a refuge in another corridor, but it isn't just the same.

### Tea Out of a Tin

A true spirit of camaraderie usually develops among those who live so close together, so that when a weary member returns in the afternoon, trailing a lab coat and smells what seems at that particular moment the most heavenly of all aromas—veritably the odour of nectar and ambrosia—she doesn't wait for an invitation, but walks in to help herself to a piece of sizzling toast and a cup of tea which has perhaps been steeped in a "Moonlight Mello" tin.

There are all kinds of corridors—the studious kind, where alarm clocks go off at the most unearthly hours of the morning, happy-go-lucky corridors whose members leave their work to the last and then burn the midnight oil for several days on end, corridors where one expects to find a razed room or an "apple-pie bed" once in a while, "gramophone-crazy" corridors where one can always hear the latest pieces, "aesthetic" corridors, where the proctor dashes in to stop what seems to be a furious quarrel, to find that they are only rehearsing for the next play. But most

of them are just "corridors," with a sprinkling of every kind of person. After all, isn't that what makes them so jolly?

### The Communistic Spirit

There are infinite advantages too in living in a corridor—being able to fill one's fountain pen from his neighbor's ink, and borrow his stamps, the possibility of collecting a number of milk bottles to return to Tuck when the end of the month is in sight, the midnight feasts of roast chicken, dill pickles and mince pie when someone has a birthday, and above all, if the members of a corridor are of anything like the same size and shape, the communistic wardrobe.

You always know those in your own corridor best, from seeing them in all states and moods; when they come home having flunked a test, and next time with a first; when they blaze forth in all their glory for the prom, and then again in those worst few minutes in the morning when they are called, and after a grumbly "Thank you," grudgingly get up, thankful in their hearts that you haven't let them sleep through their 8:30's.

## Morning

The eastern sky is streaked with light, The morning stars now paler grow; As onward moves the fading night; And vanish from the morning glow. The sun leaps from his rosy bed And shoots his arrows overhead; His beams of light fly to the west. And set on fire the mountain's crest. The sky larks now are on the wing And in the sky they sweetly sing. A morning zephyr wafts along And wakes the whole vast prairie strong. Nature robed in golden glory. Acts once more fair morning's story.

—A. M.

## COLLEGE HUMOUR

### Provincialism

(A. E. Bruce)

I judge all the Dagoes by Tony Cattini,  
I judge all the Japs by the one that I know,  
I judge all the Slovaks by Moritz Koppini,  
I judge all the Chinks by my washman, Wing Po.

I judge all the Spaniards by Pedro Garcia,  
I judge all the French by Alphonse de Bernard,  
I judge all the Egyptians by Iben Ben Kia,  
I judge all the Hindus by Boma Singh Kard.

I judge all the French by Alphonse de Bernard,  
I judge all the Egyptians by Iben Ben Kia,  
I judge all the Hindus by Boma Singh Kard.

I ain't travelled far from the place I was born in,  
But I've seen the world, for it's all come to me;  
Some odd foreign face I meet up with each mornin'  
From countries way off, beyond the deep sea.

You can't tell me much about these strange races,  
For ain't I seen all of 'em, right in this town?  
I know their queer dress, and their funny shaped faces—  
White, blacks, red and yeller, and lots of 'em brown.

They're different from us, and I'm blamed if I like 'em,  
They talk in a lingo you can't understand;  
They make me so mad that I most want to strike 'em,  
Why didn't they stay in their own foreign land?

Of course, they may have me in close observation,  
To find out what kind of a man I may be;  
But how can they know of our glorious nation?  
I wonder if they judge MY country by me?

—The Canadian Student.

### Pome by a Co-Ed

Man after all is just m a n.

Three syllables, M for majestic; A for artistic; N for noble. Perhaps you know what I mean—

Well, Frankly, It is easy to understand—

M—majestic, an adjective fitting to put before a noun such as moron. A—if artistic, merely an artistic animal ("a" really is for ass—anyone knows that). And N—is for nothing.

Man—m-a-n— A majestic moronic asinine nobody— I speak, of course, generally.

—The Sheaf.

The American college fraternity is not a desirable part of the college scholastic system, in the opinion of Malcolm MacDonald, member of the Oxford debating team, and son of Great Britain's recent premier, Ramsay MacDonald.

Young MacDonald, when he was touring America with his Oxford colleagues, was entertained at many colleges and universities by various fraternities, and his opinion accordingly, came from first-hand observation. "I would not charge fraternity members with snobishness, or with being unduly frivolous, but fraternities create a definite boundary between members and non-members, which is to be deplored," he said.

"The fact is, that fraternities create most of the social life of the college, and men not in fraternities do not share in this."

In contrasting the educational systems of the two countries, MacDonald said the social life of Oxford was built around hundreds of small clubs; eating clubs, coffee clubs, philosophy clubs, conversation clubs and athletic clubs. To these, members owe no obligation, and they can withdraw at will.—Toronto Varsity.

## THE PERVERSITY OF WOMEN

### OR Now It Can Be Told

By K.

"A mouse!" she shrieked and ran. "A mouse!" so said and laughed the man. "A mouse! the horrid creature!" "A mouse! Gwa! it won't eat yer." (Old Song)

Now that the swimming club has nearly terminated its activities for the session, I feel free to tell of an incident in its history of which perhaps few are aware, and which certainly few understand.

### All Honour to George

It was George's idea. When I tell it to you will understand readily that neither Charley nor I could ever have conceived such a childish prank. So, as I say, it was George's idea. Of course, it is true that we had discussed the possibility of taking a frog down to the swimming pool of the Y.W.C.A. some Saturday evening, and leaving it in the dressing-room to be discovered by some fair damsel a few days later. But although we were all down there with the rest of the club Saturday night that the notice appeared announcing that the pool would be open to swimmers of both sexes the following Wednesday, it was to George's imagination only that this news brought a really lively suggestion.

"Suffering cheese!" he ejaculated, "here is our chance to bring a frog down, and to see what happens when the girls discover it." However innocent of the origination of the scheme Charley and I may have been, we at once saw its possibilities. We discussed it all the way back over the High Level after leaving the pool, so that before we reached home we had formulated a plan to provide much excitement on the coming Wednesday evening. To soothe our conscience we put it in the form of an experiment, as follows:

### The Scheme

Take a live frog (basement of Med. Building). Convey frog from Med. Building to Y.W.C.A., being careful that it does not get crushed in transit. Await opportune moment when largest number of girls are in pool; then surreptitiously introduce frog into water. Observe effects of sight of frog.

### Experimental Obstacles

Wednesday turned out to be a very cold day; the mercury, as George put it, "dropped far below the depth of human ken." Consequently when we had obtained our specimen and brought it back to Charley's room we were assailed by a horrid fear lest it freeze in transit.

It was a fine specimen. Of a disappointingly non-committal colour as a whole, it was nevertheless variegated with regular and noticeable spots of green. It croaked; indeed its croak was one of the most noble things about it. It was also a very vigorous frog; so determined, if spasmodic, were its efforts to escape confinement that we did not dare remove the stamp album from the top of the wastepaper basket in which we had it imprisoned, lest in one grand leap it should gain the liberties of a free citizen. All together we considered it well worth whatever perils from janitorial wrath George had met in obtaining it.

### Further Troubles

Having observed every possible precaution on the way to the pool to keep the poor dumb creature from freezing, we finally got it down into the basement of the Y.W.C.A. There it sat very happily, under one of the showers, apparently rendered quite inactive by its cold journey. But while we were still rejoicing over having thus safely nearly terminated our experiment, another difficulty

presented itself to us. How were we to get it into the pool without being seen in the act? For we were all three of the opinion that our experiment would lose all its value if it should be known by what agencies the frog appeared in the water.

Our final solution of this new problem was as follows.

While George was off scouting to see whether the coast was clear, Charley and I wrapped the frog up in his (George's) towel. We then pretended to be wrestling for it, and in the process of the struggle we worked our way out to the edge of the pool, where we fell in. In the grand splash we were able to let the frog escape unnoticed.

### A Severe Disillusionment

We then had nothing to do but stand around and watch. At first no signs of the creature could be seen, so that for a while we feared that it might have met with some accident sufficient to make all our work for naught. But finally, to our great joy, we observed it swimming, easily and rapidly on the surface of the water at the shallow end of the pool. In high expectation we saw it swim directly in front of a girl standing against the edge. Looking down just at the right moment she noticed it.

Did she shriek? Did she run? Did she get all hot and bothered? No! She calmly bent forward, deftly seized it, and delightedly let it rest on the palm of her hand, where, giving a satisfied grunt, it squatted comfortably, as if overjoyed to find so happy a conclusion to its recent trying experiences.

And as more and more fair damsels, all without the least signs of awe, admiringly surrounded the creature, George, Charley and I sadly reflected that we had forgotten entirely that we were dealing with twentieth century women.

## OMEN

Good signs of these, our times, Are those, who in their state, Sit, giving judgment on the youth Before the gate.

Good sign—the tribunal Patiently nodding from their shelves, Judge not the recklessness of others, But themselves.

—O. R. W.

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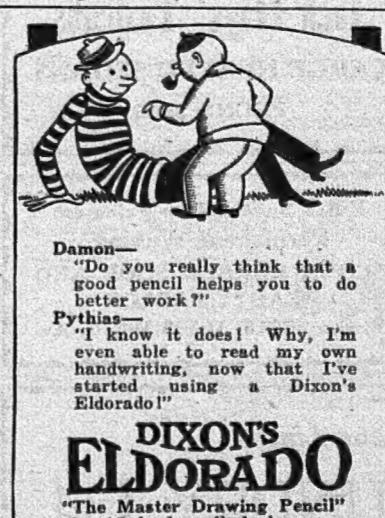
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## A DEBATER'S WANDERINGS

OR

## The Tale of a Talker

By Nelson Chappel

Feb. 26, 1929.

## Change of Fortune

Since we have come into the Maritimes, our fortunes have changed so far as winning debates goes, but we have been enjoying an entirely new country. We arrived in Fredericton on Friday noon, and were warmly received by student officials there. They showed us around among some of the oldest university buildings in Canada. Their Arts building is now one hundred and one years old, and is by no means in a state of decay yet. It is built of white brick, but that has not kept the woodwork on the interior of the building from suffering at the hands of students. The desks in the main lecture room remind one of the old counter in the Tuck shop. The University of New Brunswick is the provincial university with faculties of Arts, Science, and Forestry. Its forestry school is its strongest point. There are about three hundred students at U.N.B., but they have no residence accommodation as yet. Lord Beaverbrook, an old U.N.B. grad, has made it possible for them to have a fine men's residence, which is now in process of construction. It is to be the last word in residence accommodation, even to a swimming pool. We had a good debate presided over by the Chancellor of the University, Dr. C. C. Jones, and judged by the Chief Justice of the province, the principal of the Normal School, and the principal of the High school.

## Lose Decision

We lost the decision on argument, but the judges applied a little salve by telling us that we were much better speakers. The debate was attended by several cabinet ministers, as the provincial house is now in session. We had less than twenty-four hours in Fredericton, but it was a great visit. On the way to Mount Allison at Sackville, we passed through St. John and had our first glimpse of the Atlantic ocean and an Atlantic all winter port.

We arrived at Mount Allison on Saturday night, and while the other boys had found many B.C. and Saskatchewan connections at U.N.B., I found a whole host of Alberta connections here. This is the Alma Mater of former President Tory, of Principal Tuttle of St. Stephen's College, of Prof. Allen of the Dept. of Geology, and many other notables in Alberta.

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## LAST CHIEF JUSTICE



ERIC STUART

berta. Many of the older members of the faculty here recall these men as fellow students or as pupils. This is purely a college town, and the university proper has a registration of about three hundred, while the Ladies' College of Fine Arts and the Academy (a prep. school) have about five hundred students. The Ladies' College is said to be the largest in captivity in Canada, in one building. One of the keepers took us on a tour of inspection. All of these institutions are operated by the United Church of Canada.

## Largest Audience

After a round of sleighing parties and teas, we came to the debate on Monday night to face perhaps our largest audience yet, about eight hundred people. We ran up against the same style of debating here as at U.N.B. only in a worse form. They have faculty coaches here, and the three negative speakers got up and recited three well-prepared and memorized speeches packed full of factual argument, without even a gesture. They were all good speakers, but they paid no attention to the affirmative case, and did not argue. They were awarded the decision by a two to one vote of the judges. We were told that the system of debating throughout the maritimes is the same everywhere, and that they are accustomed to being judged on that basis. They set out to win rather than to enjoy the debate. At the banquet afterward two of the negative speakers said that they had been converted to the free and easy as they called it the Oxford style of debating. It was a most responsive audience, and we thoroughly enjoyed the debate. Tonight we go on to the most easterly point on our tour, Antigonish N.S., where we meet the famous Irishmen at St. Francis Xavier University.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY

The Chemical Society is fortunate in having secured as speaker for its next meeting Prof. J. W. Shipley, of the University of Manitoba.

Prof. Shipley is noted as a professor of physical chemistry and a research worker, his work on corrosion and alternating current electrolysis being well known. He is also the president of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry, a Canada-wide organization. Some years ago he accompanied the National Geographic Society expedition to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, the Katmai Valley. He has therefore a wide experience.

Prof. Shipley's subject will be, "The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada," a topic of importance, since pulp and paper ranks second among Canadian industries.

The meeting will be held in Med. 142 at 8:15 p.m., Wednesday, March 13.

## SUNDAY SERVICE

The final University service of the term will be held on Sunday, March 10.

Speaker: Dr. R. C. Wallace.

Subject: "What of Christianity?"

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## THE STUDENTS' UNION

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## TRIAL BALANCE

February 28, 1929

Dr. Cr.

Bank ..... \$ 673.56

General Account ..... 4,222.48

Literary General ..... 40.00

Debating Society ..... 78.85

Dramatic Society ..... 259.74

Glee Club ..... 9.48

Orchestra ..... 92.02

Wauneta Society ..... 367.53

Men's Athletics:

General ..... 144.35

Basketball ..... 346.07

Boxing and Wrestling ..... 49.25

Hockey ..... 218.89

Rooters ..... 41.60

Rugby ..... 147.17

Soccer ..... 22.00

Swimming ..... 10.20

Tennis ..... 10.00

Track ..... 19.82

Women's Athletics:

General ..... 85.00

Basketball ..... 202.73

Hockey ..... 101.96

Tennis ..... 10.00

Track ..... 19.82

Students' Union Adminis-

trative ..... 415.89

Social Directorate ..... 24.15

Gateway ..... 2,285.21

\$ 4,937.81

\$ 4,937.81

NOTE.—Men's Track now shows a deficit of 17c. Due to a bookkeeping error, an item of \$130.00 was charged against Track which should have been charged against Men's Athletic General, and this made the deficit in Men's Track appear that much larger than it should have last month—sorry, Mr. Hamilton.

The financial year of the Students' Union ends March 31. Club managers are requested to see that all accounts are in as near that date as possible, and persons having bills outstanding are urged to present them as soon as possible. A little co-operation will help considerably.

H. H. HUTTON,

Treasurer.

If you didn't know it before, Bluebeard was a song-writer. He wrote, "Now I Axe You Very Confidentially."

## Light Opera Rehearsals Making Good Progress

The Crimson Star, the popular light opera coming on Friday, March 15th, has been in rehearsal for several weeks, and now, with but a week before the performance, the finer details are being worked out, and the finishing touches put on.

The principals and chorus are working hard on their respective parts and are projecting themselves with enthusiasm into the roles they play. His Majesty, the King of Lascenia; the lost princess Stephanie, who is found just at the right time; Delia, the Irish innkeeper, who after finding out that her foster-daughter is the real princess, treats the king as "one of the family"; Duke Borah, the plotter; Gilly the spinner and the Lord High Chamberlain, her spurned wooer, who provide much of the comedy; Pip, Tiltz and Gatz, Borah's underworld henchmen; O'Toole, the high-pressure salesman of slot machines; Prince Leo, who almost has to marry Gilly; Larry, the speechless clown of the opera; all are perfecting their parts as rehearsals go on.

The advance ticket sale so far has been most successful, and the indications are that the house will be sold out early in the week. Tickets can be exchanged for seat reservations in the basement of the Arts Building on Monday, March 11th, or Thursday, March 14th. On Tuesday the seating plan will be at the Heintzman & Co. Store, and Wednesday at Steen's Drug Store.

## MONARCHS HAND VARSITY DEFEAT

Overtown Team Made it Four Straight for Misener Cup  
—Won 5-1

Girls' hockey for this season was concluded on Tuesday night when the Monarchs beat Varsity 5-1 to make a clean sweep of the four-game series. The Monarchs have never played better hockey, while the Rah-Rah girls weren't as effective as in the recent inter-collegiate series.

Fortunately the weather came back to normal for the occasion, and both teams tore loose at once. Play was even till Madeleine Case whanged the puck into the north-west corner of Varsity's net. The Monarchs stayed on the offensive, and just before time, added another, when a wide shot glanced off Cal Ross' stick into the goal.

The referee's bell had barely stopped tinkling for the face-off in the

## THEOLOGS MAKE MERRY AT BANQUET

Large Number Attend — President Wallace Addresses Gathering

ferred to the coming of age of the University in 1929, and contrasted with the full-grown manhood of the University in the infancy of the club he represented.

In responding to this toast, Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University, and Honorary President of the Club, gave the address of the evening. He said that he could not conceive of a more difficult, yet more necessary, task than that of sifting the enormous mass, tremendously varied as it is, of modern thought, and finding in it all the gem of truth, the evidence of something more than physical, the Something we call God. The preacher of today, he emphasized, cannot hope to be successful of the workings of the modern scientific mind.



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